

Sketch

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Dance

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voice came from the hall. "I thought as long as we were going to New York we wouldn't want to stay with Aunt . . ." His voice trailed away.

Shirley came into the living room and smiled at the expression on John's face as he stood before the pile of camping gear. He started to say something but the phone rang. Before she could get to it John had hold of her. He was kissing her neck and ears. "Silly." She smiled delightedly.

"Hello?" She balanced the receiver with one hand because John still held her.

"Hello, honey. This is Mom. Did you open the present I brought you?"

"The present? Oh, the present! I forgot all about it." Shirley motioned John to go and get the box in the kitchen. "But, Mom, I don't think I'll be using it. You see . . . hello? . . . hello? She hung up." Shirley walked over to where John was opening the package.

"Well, whaddya know!"

Shirley peered around him. Inside the box were three beautiful plaid sport shirts — just right for camping. One was size eight, one size thirty, and one size forty-two.

Dance

by Judy Pollen

My heart is a wind-harp
hung on a silver chain
But it should sing in a cypress tree
and dance on a thread of rain.